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WHOLE NO. 2047

Poetry.

THE PALACE OF IMAGINATION.

FRANCIS FULLER KENNEDY.
Full of beauty, full of art and grace,
Is that Palace where my soul was bound;
Filled harmoniously with every pleasure
Sweet to sense or exquisite of sound.
Light whose softness rivals summer shadows—
Shadows only softer than the light.
Like those clouds that dapple the June meadows,
Make its chambers rarely dark and bright.
Nightingales are nestled in its bowers;
E'en singers wait the fragrant air;
Fountains drop their musical, cool shadows
Into basins abstruse and rare.
Ancient myths are stored here in marble,
Sagas of poets people every nook;
Faint as the living that the world
Of their voices thrills you as you look.
Ere creations of all times and ages
Were by inspiration of high art,
Live in sculpture, speak from gilded pages,
Throng with beauty its remotest part.
In this Palace did my soul awaken,
From what Parit did not know;
With the bright existence it had taken
Wandering, traced—like cherubim glow.
Till, from dreaming, rose unguiled fancy—
Frightful phantoms glided out;
Ghosts and ghosts real of the old romances
Haunted all its shadowy halls about.
Then my soul sat with avowed vision,
Cold and pallid in a nameless fear,
Seeing with inward eyes a new creation,
Dreams of phantoms, inaccessible here,
And she uttered, sighing deep and sad,
"Here, she'll sit till yet all be cold;
I would change my matchless Palace gladly
For one hour of life in Love's warm fold."
This she said, and straight the sphinx air
In the Palace rose and glided;
Saw pale and pensive, heavenly fair,
Black and death-like like forms of earthly mould.
Happy laughter with the sphinx mingled,
Sweet young voices murmured love's soft words;
Lightning eyes along my soul's nerves tingled,
Till it entered like its young lord's blood.
Now my soul, no longer pale or pining,
With sweet music and sweet melody;
Golden light thro' every shadow shining
Shows the beauty lying waste around.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Why shouldst thou build so lightly,
Thou maiden young and fair?
Why shouldst thou build so lightly,
Thou maiden young and fair?
Seen through thy waving hair,
Thou hast built a fairy dwelling
In the rainbow's bow of light;
Thou hast built a fairy dwelling
In the rainbow's bow of light.
Ah, build the gorgeous palace,
White life and love are young;
Drink freely from life's chalice,
While youth's flowers are round thee throng.
For 'tis only in the morning
That clouds capricious come and go;
Bright dreams their walls adorning,
As they gleam before our eyes.
Fair girl! when age has drained us
Of its blossoms young and white,
Then no more will come around us
Youth's fancies, warm and bright;
By our hearts in prayer uplifting,
Age shall visions more fair bring,
Then, when on youth's sea drifting,
We build castles in the air.

Choice Miscellany.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A WOLF STORY.

"Talking of wolf hunts," said Black, "I can tell you a story."
Whereupon Joe turned over toward the fire, and looked up at Black, but in so doing struck his foot against Nora's nose, who sprang suddenly upon him, thinking it was some of Joe's fun, whereat Joe rolled into the room and woke Leo up, who joined the sport, and while Joe was wrestling with the dogs, Black continued, in this wise:
"When I first came to the cabin, there was no clearing within thirty miles, and the only neighbor I had was George B., who died last year, up by the cedar hill, ten miles or so away. It was a little lonesome, and yet I liked it for a year, and I saw George three times during that twelvemonth. But the next six months I never saw a man, and I used to sit and look at myself in the still waters over the side of my canoe, and like it, or it seemed as if I had company. But one day in November, I was tired out from being alone, and I started off toward evening to go up to George's. I crossed the river just here, and went along up the edge of the water, swinging my rifle in my hand, whistling for company's sake, for it made a pleasant echo in the woods. The night was coolish, very clear, and there was a pleasant moon. Just as I reached the Rock brook, close on the side of the pond, I heard a growl that started me, and stopping short, I saw a wolf standing with his paw buried in the carcass of a deer, while his jaws were full of the flesh. But he was not eating, for he had seen me, and seemed to be discussing the comparative merits of his meal before him, and the possible meal which I presented for him. He wasn't any of your dog wolves, but a grizzly rascal, large as a lion, with longer hair and stronger legs. He snarled once or twice more, and I was fool enough to show fight. If I had let him alone, he would have been content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are droves of them, or unless you disturb their eating. I took a short aim at him, and shot. He jumped the instant I pulled the trigger, and I missed his breast and broke his fore paw. Then he yelled and came at me, and I heard as I thought

fifty more answer him. It wasn't ten seconds before I was in the croch of the nearest tree, and four of the grizzly scoundrels were under it, looking at me, whining and licking their lips as if their mouths watered for me. I didn't understand their language, or I would have suggested the idea of satisfying their appetites on the deer which lay a few rods off. But I couldn't persuade them to take any hints of that sort, and so I loaded my rifle and shot one of them dead as the deer. There was more for them to eat if they had closed to devour their own sort, but I couldn't blame them for refusing the lean, bony carcass of such a comrade, especially when a tolerably well fattened man was in a small sapling close by, and the more especially when, if they could see that the sapling was splitting in two at the crotch, and I must soon come, in spite of my repugnance to a closer acquaintance with them. So it was thought, and before I had time to reload my rifle and dispatch another of them, crack went the tree, and I dropped my rifle just quick enough to catch with arm and legs around the tree and hold on for life, till I could get out my knife from my pocket, open it, and show it in my belt. That done I watched my chance, and if they ever was a scared wolf, that was one when I lighted on his back and wound my arms around him, and we rolled away together. The other two didn't understand it all, and backed off to watch the fight, a moonlight tussle that was. At length the wolf got me under and he and I both thought I was done for. He planted his two paws in my breast and the claws left marks that are there yet—while he seized my shoulder with his villainous jaws."

Black paused to show us the scars on his breast and arms, particularly the large scar where the flesh was torn from the bone on his shoulder. He continued:
"I was a little faint when his teeth went in. It was unpleasant, and I had time to think of a dozen other ways of dying, any one of which I would have preferred to 'that, had a choice been possible. The wolf apparently didn't like the hold he had, for he tore out his teeth, and tore out my coat, shirt and flesh too, and seized again on my fur cap. It was a lucky mistake for me. I felt his wet lip on my forehead, and had just time to let go my hold of his throat and clutch my knife, when he shook off the cap, and made another attempt to get a mouthful, but his throat was in no fix to swallow, if he got it, for my knife blade was working desperately across his jugular, and the point of it was feeling between the vertebrae of his spinal marrow. He was a dead wolf, and he gave it up like one fairly whipped."

"I had bled considerably when I rose, but I wasn't weakened a particle. The whole had passed in less than half a minute, and I was ready for the other two, that now came at me both together. I seized my rifle and met one with the barrel across the nose and felled him. As he picked himself up, I seized him by the hind foot. If the first wolf was scared when I fell on him, this was more so. I shall never forget the howl which escaped him as I swung him into the air, and struck the other a blow with the body of this comrade. The other one, the first I had wounded, frightened at this novel fight, vanished in the woods, and I was left with this one in my hands. He seemed to let out his voice with tremendous force, as he went around my head twice. The centrifugal force, they used to call it at school, forced out his wind, but as I let him fly, his scream was fairly demoniacal. He sent a rod from the bank, and the howl stopped only when he reached the water. I was faint and weak now—and my visit to George was of course out of the question; so I seized my rifle, and loaded it with difficulty as I ran, and following the water, I at length saw him come up. He struck for the shore, but seeing me, he did not dare to land. I teased him so for two miles, and each time he approached the shore, I showed myself, and he kept off. I saw he was getting tired, but I didn't want to shoot him yet, and I followed him till he went over the rapids, and in the deep hole by the hazzard Rock. Here I had to leave the river bank, and so I watched him swimming along the edge of the rock, until he found a little shelf, upon which he crawled out and shook his hide. But he couldn't get up that rock—that was pretty certain, and while he was discussing it all alone by himself, I helped him to settle. In the question with a rifle ball in his side. He gave a mad half bark and half yell, and a rag into the river, but didn't rise again.
How I got to my canoe, I don't know. I managed to paddle over and get in here, half dead, with my blood all over me, and my wounds frozen dry. It was a month before I was well enough to hunt again, and I have been shy of wolves ever since."

As Black concluded, I looked at him with wonderment, knowing that this was not the most hazardous adventure of his life by many. He gazed into the fire a little while without speaking, sighed heavily, and then resuming his kindly look again, stopped to pat Leo, who was sleeping with his broad lower jaw on Joe's breast, while Joe lay on his back, looking up at the bark roof, and listening to the roar of the tempest.

REVIEW OF LEO MILLER'S LECTURES AT EMPIRE HALL.

"HUMBER EXPOSED"—was the heading of a handbill thrown into our midst but a short time since, by one Leo Miller, of Rochester, N. Y., who professed to demonstrate to the good people of Warren, that Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Psychology and Clairvoyance, were all humbugs.

The Hall was tolerably filled, and all classes represented. The Progressives came out to see what new thing had been developed. Fogies to be confirmed in an old opinion; and ways to see the law; to laugh at all hazards, and have a good time generally.
The tone of the Lecturer was lively, and to the last degree humorous, and the incidental remarks were many of them too good to be lost. But as to the speaker's positions, I purpose, in this, to look after them a little. In a word, the audience generally were tickled, dazzled, humbugged! From the moment I caught a glimpse of his ever-smiling phiz, I trembled for the cause of truth. Buffoonery and ridicule, hung out like a Quack Doctor's "shingle." And so it proved; for blessed with a wonderful gift of gab, and conscious that an ounce of ridicule outweighs a pound of facts, with a popular audience, he applied stroke after stroke, they responding with peals of mirth and enthusiastic cheering.

The Science of Psychology was duly handled, but I failed to perceive the difference between the facts and theories advanced by him to make it a humbug, and those advanced by its friends to prove it a science.
Will those who were present, please to bring his remarks upon this point to mind, and compare them with the following (as I believe,) correctly presented epitome of the science?

Psychology (from *Psyche* and *Logia*)—Logic of the Soul, simply signifies, in common plain English, Metaphysics. I wish to discriminate between the science itself, and the experiments intended to illustrate it. It is generally believed that man is possessed of two principles, the active and the passive; the voluntary and involuntary. The former is im-pressive, the latter auto-motive—that the superior impression is imperative, being the fulcrum of a law force, without which the mind has no power to act. In the normal state, the involuntary is trained to act with the voluntary. In the abnormal, when its natural impress is dormant, it instinctively connects itself with the next impressing cause.

In order to illustrate the natural operation of this principle, by a mechanical method, the operator institutes a series of ingenious experiments. He reduces the subject by degrees, from many ideas to one, and from that to one of his own. There is such a thing as a consciousness of existence, without positive thought. He then acts upon the conscious automaton, presenting idea after idea in quick succession; thus launching him into a new sphere of existence, until he lives, sees and acts only in the miniature world thrown around him by the operator.

Dods remarks that many persons are so constituted as to pass to and from this state naturally, and that in the absence of a more immediate impressing cause, the involuntary daguerotypes come ruling idea. Hope, fear or desire, acts with it. In this manner he accounts for Salem Witchcraft, mania potu, dancing mania, Kentucky jerks, and last, though not least, the writings and other involuntary phenomena of Spiritual mediumship. He further cites many examples to show that those involuntary freaks, do in many instances, assume the form of a mental epidemic.

The speaker used all these facts and theories, to account for the same class of phenomena, and thus admitted all his friends claim for it. Hence he explained nothing but the fallacy of his own humbugging pretensions. His efforts upon this point, were a failure, and his burlesquing experiments decidedly flat. In the midst of the cackle of laughter which followed his clownish jokes and grimaces, (though carried upon the tide,) I could not but stop and consider how easy it was to mislead upon topics so little understood, and to manufacture witisms to float upon the popular current.

It is proper to remark in this connection, that all, except two or three of the sound leading features of the three entire Lectures, may be found embodied

in the writings of that eminent Psychologist, Dr. Dods, of Boston.
Many passages from the Doctor's Psychological Exposé of Spiritualism, were quoted verbatim.
It is singular that he should stigmatize the Doctor's science as a humbug, while using his facts and theories to free-ly.

I must confess that I am ashamed of having undertaken the task of this review, for the most of his positions are so weak, that my remarks appear too much in the light of a second edition of "Much Ado about Nothing."

Relative to Mesmerism, he said but little. He admitted the Phenomena, but said that it could never be reduced to a science. To which I reply, Mesmerism being founded in the nature of things, is a Natural Science, and always was.

In his second lecture, he dwelt at some length upon the report of the French Committee, of which Franklin was a member; that it was all the work of imagination.

In that age, the philosophy of mind, and its connections, was vague and indefinite. In France, Mental Galvanism, Psychology, in fact everything in the line of mental phenomena, was classed under the general head of Mesmerism. For many centuries, science had been more and more to materialistic demonstrations; and the entire of all phenomena that lay beyond the reach of the dissecting knife, and which had formerly been attributed to imagination or special Providence, was now ascribed to Mesmerism. But since his day, the boundaries of this science have been more properly obtained.

The speaker cited the instance of the Mesmerized tree, and its results; which was not Mesmerism, but mental galvanism, producing a simple shock, though sufficient in some cases, to raise the nervous system to healthy action.

Had Mr. Miller's research on those points, been equal to that of the Fowlers, Dods, Buchanans, Cadwells, Eliotsons, and others who have made it their study for years, he would never have insulted an intelligent audience by such an utter disregard for all scientific classification. Mesmerism is that great law of sympathy through which the active attracts and possesses and passive, and could no mechanical experiments demonstrate it to the eyes of an audience, it would illustrate itself by its natural operations in the daily experience of all thinking men. Who does not know that children become feeble by sleeping with the aged, while the feeble gain strength and vitality by contact with the strong? Who has not heard of the serpent's power to fascinate his victim? Why does the defiant eye of the hunter keep the tiger at bay? Who has not shrank from the glance of the mighty; or felt conscious of his power over others?

I have, while sleeping with delicately constituted persons, caused them to dream as I willed, upon different occasions, as a test. I have caught, from and given to others, trains of thought, though not a word was spoken between us. This, at least to my mind, is proof that it is not imaginary; and were it so, the dissecting knife would detect the fallacy. Dr. Eddale, British Surgeon in India, has practiced successfully for 12 years, performing every variety of amputations and other difficult operations, without pain. So have hundreds of others, both in Europe and America.

But inasmuch as the speaker admitted the phenomena, and advanced no theory sufficiently comprehensive to cover the facts of the science, I will dismiss this portion of his lectures.

Clairvoyance.—A series of experiments were introduced, to show that clairvoyance might be counterfeited. Those alphabets of numbers, etc., are school boy tricks, and applied only to the peculiar class of experiments performed by him. Take them all together, they were bungling, and had he not avowed them to be a humbug, could not have escaped detection.

Now a word relative to Martha Loomis. He asserted that as a committee-man, he had detected her in the same deception. It will be seen that his experiments account for sympathetic vision by having clairvoyant instructed. Now if I mistake not, this lady's vision is not confined to the sphere of her mother's knowledge, but that she reads sealed packages. If I am rightly informed, she did, while in this town, read a package taken from among a number of County papers, of the contents of which the bearer himself was ignorant.

And here let me remark, that inasmuch as Mr. Miller is a stranger in many of the places where he lectures, a written or printed statement by his brother committee men, would prove a handy reference, and that from the nature of the circumstances, equally strong documents will not be amiss relative to ma-

ny of the statements and statistics with which his lectures were interspersed.

But be it so, that Miss Loomis is a humbug, and hundreds of others besides. What does it signify? There are impostors in science, politics and religion.—Does it then follow that these are humbugs? Coin can be counterfeited, devotion imitated, and the domain of magic covers all phenomena. Is there, then, nothing real? Is nature and human existence one gigantic system of collusion, got up by somebody, and played off on everybody?

The speaker treated at some length, upon the anatomy of the human eye—ridiculed the idea of a person seeing from the back of the head, soles of the feet, etc. He was probably not aware that such experiments are daily being made at the Medical College at Cincinnati.

Scooled packages are read and characters delineated, under circumstances that render collusion impossible. I met one of the subjects who had been with Professor Buchanan, while on a visit to Shaker Village. He there read various documents which I chanced to have in my pocket, by simply placing them on his forehead; not their language however, but their correct import. He told me the philosophy of the science, and I have since experimented in it with success proportionate to my experience.

I will now harmonize the philosophy of clairvoyance with the speaker's own hypothesis, the anatomy of the senses and the known laws of electricity.

The speaker, no doubt, showed to the entire satisfaction of all, that every sense resolved itself into feeling—that each nerve was a telegraph whose office was to convey outward impressions to inward consciousness—the optics conveying shadows—the auditory vibrations and the others, more direct impressions of the thing itself. And having read no less than three others, the one advanced by the speaker, being the narrowest and weakest of all, I can receive his only in part, and must, as a whole, account it a false one.

Mr. Miller came into our midst, the avowed champion of Reason, Religion, and the Bible. But I affirm, and am prepared to demonstrate, that either he misunderstands the nature of his own position, or came as a "Wolf in sheep's clothing." And I challenge either him or his friends to sustain his pretensions in accordance with his positions, as set forth in his lectures.
I will even take the thing in an affirmative light, and with his positions demolish the Bible, root and branch, and that beyond the reach of even an apology; so that if he is not an infidel of the worst stamp, the fault is with his own reflective powers, and not his stand point.
Warren, Dec. '55. M. G. T.

A REMEDY FOR MOTHS.

From the New York Evangelist.

We were examining our wardrobe after summer, and found to our surprise and grief, many of our most choicest articles of apparel, sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, Aunt Julia came in.

"Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?" we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl which looked as fresh as ever after seven years wear.
"I used to suffer from moths as much as any one," replied Aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down, but I found a receipt in an old fashioned book which has relieved me of such solicitude on the subject.—It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite as plenty as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied, with linen, blankets, and bed quilts, than many a jewel-decked city belle.

As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather-beds, bed quilts, etc., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city, I used to dread my summer work of airing beds, and packing very fine home-made blankets, and quilts, stuffed with the softest down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper and cedar chips, and yet as we changed our place of residence several times some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobscured scrap of woolen cloth would perforate tiny holes in my choicest possessions."

"Why, aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet."

His remarks upon *Spiritualism*, as upon other points, was characterized by ridicule and misconception, rather than truthfulness and reason. He thought it strange that nothing could hammer on nothing, with a hammer of the same sort, and repeated a thousand other little witticisms, to the infinite amusement of such as know little or nothing of the philosophy taught and held by Spiritualists, but which, with a thorough understanding upon those points, not only render them pointless, but the speaker absolutely ridiculous.

His theory of memory, was, however, an exception to the general tenor of his remarks. The treatment of this point alone, was worth the entire admission fee, and I felt disposed to give him full credit for it. But his position relative to physical phenomena, was particularly faulty. In fact, he could not account for them without admitting the basis of Mesmerism, and he lacked the aid of independent clairvoyance to account for another class of facts equally authentic.

By stealing Psychology, and using it anonymously, he accounted for involuntary mediumship. The rest was patched by ridicule and denial.

I would remark that inasmuch as there are several published theories, all professing to account for the manifestations, and each differing materially from the other, we are left to choose between them; and our only guide to the true one, is this: that theory which covers the greatest number of known facts, must, to us, stand as the true one. And having read no less than three others, the one advanced by the speaker, being the narrowest and weakest of all, I can receive his only in part, and must, as a whole, account it a false one.

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The book was an old one with the title obliterated, and the title page torn out by some careless child, but the directions were there.
"Lay not for yourself, treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt."

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

"O, Aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?"

"Wait, Anna, and hear my story out. One day, as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and ailing my down bed-quilts and feather beds, which have been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses; as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the receipt for avoiding moths which I have given you to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care never needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophy Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out in the Spring before, and were just entering upon a cold, long winter of poverty. I sat down, and writing her a note, sent her two feather-beds, and four blankets, and an old fashioned 'coverlet' that very day; and two more blankets I dispatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbor, whose destitution had never occurred to me before.—I then began to breathe freely; and before another week two more blankets had gone to comfort tired limbs, and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woolen stockings and socks, which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to the charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation that I cheerfully laid up more of my surplus property, 'in heaven,' and out of the way of moth and mould. My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintance."

"But, Aunt Julia, your's is a peculiar case. You had the home-made outfit of a rich farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it; beside the Bible don't encourage wasting our goods extravagantly."

"I do think the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment, and in another place, says: 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation, either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood, drought, mildew, and moth, stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth."

"Surely, Aunt Julia, you wouldn't have me give away the new furs you gave me yourself last winter?"

"No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth-eaten pile. Here are three coats of my husband's, which he could never possibly wear again."

"Those are for fishing, Aunt."

"How often does he fish?"

"Once in four or five years," said Anna, looking slightly discomfited.

"Well, here is a bag of out-grown, shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's and these over coats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even at the play ground; and besides I think you remarked that the whole difficulty originated in an old carpet, which has been harboring moths many years when it might have been out of harm's way upon some poor widow's floor."

"Well, Aunt, I believe you are half right."

"Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it—even at the risk of sending some of your treasure to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruining hundreds of dollars worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat, or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the

poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed a covetousness which is idolatry; but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account." When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, "lay up your treasures in Heaven;" because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way."

"Well, Aunt, I own I never thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try, before another year, to confine my eye to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success."

THRILLING STORY.

The following was communicated by Mr. E. Merriam to the Portsmouth Journal:

As early as 988, Erick Rande, an Icelandic chief, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Stettin, and having manned with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of shattered fleets gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galleys of Erick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley which was driven further down than the rest, reported that as the morning broke, the large frigate of 132 that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them and that they beheld the galley of Erick Rande borne by resistless force and the speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had lost all control over her—they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment had elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice-hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrator escaped, was wonderful—it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Erick Rande was never more seen.

Half a century after that, a Danish colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed in a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw not far from the shore, a figure in an ice vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompting them to approach, they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe, were upon the deck, but they were ice things then; one figure alone stood erect, and with folding arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice cut away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid, and dead, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form of Erick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an ice robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sail had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the scene might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was approaching.

As editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers, "We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past two weeks. We are now permanently located in the county jail with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future."

As editor is not only a great bore, but a great fool, when he sets down to write a long "leader," under the impression that his readers prefer it to the news of the day, and a multitude of items and scraps. So says the St. Louis Democrat, and so say we.

"You'll find it out," as the thief remarked to himself as he saw a gentleman feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it. He who does one should never remember it.